



SECTION II.

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Dedicated to the needs and interest of young Americans of Ukrainian descent

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SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE AND UKRAINIANS

AS long as the Ukrainian people remain under foreign domination there will be no lasting peace in Eastern Europe. Their constant struggle, both overt and covert, to free themselves, the ruthless measures of their foreign rulers to subdue them, and the ever-present temptation of would-be conquerors to exploit the unsettled Ukrainian situation for their own imperialistic aims, as Hitler vainly attempted to do, all this will prevent any lasting peace in Eastern Europe after this war is won.

It would be well if the conferences at the forthcoming San Francisco parley could be made to realize this. And it would be well, too, if they realized that the establishment of a free and independent Ukrainian state within Ukrainian ethnographic boundaries and embodying well over 40 million Ukrainians is the only just and proper solution of the Ukrainian problem and an indispensable element to post-war peace in Eastern Europe.

Since, however, the agenda of the United Nations Conference on International Organization, which is to begin next Wednesday at San Francisco, appears to preclude any possibility of even discussing the inalienable right of the Ukrainian people to national independence, the least that can be done there for the Ukrainian people, as well as for other stateless peoples, is to provide measures whereby the proposed international security organization would be able to safeguard their national rights.

This could be done by amending the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, which are to serve as a basis of the conference deliberations, so as to include in the proposed charter of the international organization a Bill

of Human Rights or a Bill of National Rights for Stateless Peoples, as it is variously called by those who have proposed it.

Such a bill of itself, however, would not be sufficient. It would have to have teeth. That could be done by arranging for the creation within the international security organization of a special body, a sort of a protective council, which would be charged with the duty of seeing that the provisions of the Bill of Rights of Stateless Peoples are adhered to by the members of the security organization.

Moreover, such a protective council should be empowered to act on its own initiative, without requiring any formal bill of complaint, for the experience of the years following the last war has amply demonstrated that in totalitarian or semitotalitarian countries it is not only extremely difficult but very dangerous as well for those who would seek redress from an international body to make any charges against their misrulers.

This is but one of several measures the forthcoming San Francisco conference could adopt to safeguard the national rights of foreign-ruled stateless peoples, notably the Ukrainians. If it fails to do even that, the discontent and unrest that were ripe in Ukraine before the war are bound to exist after the war, thereby jeopardizing whatever chance there may be of establishing enduring peace in Eastern Europe after the war.

New Britain Servicemen in Action

The current number of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut bulletin reports the following concerning Ukrainian American servicemen from New Britain, Conn.—

ONE OF SIX BROTHERS IN SERVICE KILLED IN ACTION

Pvt. Andrew Prestash, 26, was originally reported missing in action in Germany, was killed December 18 in Luxemburg. One of six brothers in service, four of them now serving overseas, Andrew was reported missing by the war department on January 9th. He was with the medical corps.

Pvt. Andrew Prestash entered the army two years ago and went overseas about nine months later. He was a member of St. Mary's Ukrainian church and a well known basketball player in the Industrial league. He also played on the Ukrainian Young People's Association team against various Ukrainian teams through Connecticut. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Stella Sowa Prestash, six brothers, a sister, and parents.

WOUNDED VETERAN CONVALESCING

Wounded Veterans of General Patton's Third Army now recuperating in army hospitals at various hospitals in this country and in Europe, are taking special pride in the news that the army is helping to destroy the German armies to shambles. One of these is Sgt. Andrew Kobela. He was wounded in action in France on July 31, 1944, and has been convalescing at Rhoads General hospital in Utica, N. Y.

Sgt. Kobela, who served with the Fourth Armored Division of the Third Army, said, "I sure am mighty proud of my old outfit."

Sgt. Kobela entered the army on Feb. 6, 1941, with his brother, S/Sgt. Paul R. Kobela who is serving with the coast artillery. The two brothers were among the first men to be inducted from New Britain. Both were prominent athletes at the New Brit-

ain Senior High school. "Andy" was also a popular member of the St. Mary's Ukrainian choir.

He received his training in army camps in Calif. Texas, and New York before going overseas in Dec. 1943. He was stationed in England for about six months and then took part in the invasion of Normandy.

DIES OF WOUNDS

T/Sgt. Michael Havalis, 35, died of wounds Feb. 5 on Luzon in the Philippines. He enlisted in the army in 1935 and after serving three years in Panama, was discharged. He re-enlisted in 1939.

T/Sgt. Havalis was born in New Britain, attended local schools, and was a member of the St. Mary's Ukrainian parish.

He had seen action at Pearl Harbor, where he was stationed at Schofield Barracks during the infamous Jap attack. He saw many of his buddies die there, and had written home that he'd like to be in the army till the sneak attack be avenged as well as the death of his friends. He served at Guadalcanal, Munda, and Vella La Vella. He was wounded during the Vella La Vella campaign, but recovered after six months in the hospital. His last leave in New Britain was six years ago.

He leaves three sisters, and his mother who is active in humanitarian Ukrainian affairs.

GETS FLYING CROSS

S/Sgt. Andrew Clem, Jr. has received the Distinguished Flying Cross from his deputy group commander Lt. Col. Edw. L. Van Allen.

Clem is a member of 99 combat missions and two tours in the Mediterranean theater of operations.

DIES OF WOUNDS

Pvt. John Scholar, 26, army engineer corps, died March 1st in a hospital in France of wounds received in action in Germany.

Tells Vivid Story of Iwo Jima Fight

Testimony to the bitter fighting on Iwo Jima is vouched for by Marine Pfc. Stephen Boykewich, 20, Ukrainian by descent, of Liberty St., Irvington, in telling how eight men of a field artillery party went out to spot fire for their battalion and only he and another survivor got back.

It happened on the 11th night on the island—his third day on the front lines—Pfc. Boykewich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Boykewich, of the Irvington address, relates.

"We were starting to move up with the infantry," he related. "I stayed back with the other radio operator to collect our gear, when a shell burst nearby and he was wounded.

Boykewich helped give his buddy first aid and then caught up with the others. For an hour the party spotted fire.

"We were in a shell crater," he said. "Our officer was standing up and another man was with him when he received a direct hit. The officer

was wounded and the other man was killed."



PFC. STEPHEN BOYKEWICH

Former Prisoner of War Praises Red Cross

A former prisoner of war in Germany, Lt. Stephen C. Merena, 24, an army combat pilot, Ukrainian by descent, now back home in Ansonia, Conn. following his release and return here with other wounded Americans aboard the Gripsholm, is now expressing praise at every possible opportunity of "what the Red Cross has done and is doing for prisoners

of war and for all servicemen."

Lt. Merena was taken prisoner by the Germans after he had been shot down between El Alamein and El Aghella in Libyan on December 14, 1942. He had been piloting a P-40 fighter with an American group of the RAF in support of the advances of the British Eighth Army. His right arm was badly splintered so he was taken to a German hospital in Tripoli. Later he was hospitalized at Freising, near Munich, and from there was sent to the Air Force Interrogation Center at Frankfurt on Main.

There he underwent the customary interrogation to which all Allied air force men are subjected when taken prisoner by the Nazi.

He was released on July 19, 1944, through the decision of a neutral medical board.

Boykewich and the others rushed to help the men and were putting them on stretchers when another direct hit got three others. One of the latter died of his wounds.

"I helped to carry them back under mortar fire," said the young Marine. "I don't know how I came out alive."

Taras Shevchenko, Torchbearer of Ukraine

By DR. LUKE MYSHUHA

(Concluded)

(8)

Idealized "Land of Washington"

WHOEVER is the least bit acquainted with Shevchenko knows well that Kozak Ukraine was his pet subject, while the Zaporozhian Sich represented an incarnation of high ideals, just as it did for Gogol. Shevchenko, wrote Prof. Antonovich, looked upon the Zaporozhe from the viewpoint of the common people, seeing in it a determined effort to establish an ideal state organization and an ideal social order. In the Zaporozhian Kozak Shevchenko saw the finest type of a Ukrainian, an ardent upholder of the principles of freedom and equality. Therefore he desired to see all of Ukraine as a Zaporozhian Sich, populated by Kozaks, i. e. free Ukrainians.

Although a champion of the common man and his inalienable right to be the master of his destiny, Shevchenko was able nonetheless to perceive the weaknesses of the common man and recognize that people often abuse the rights which they enjoy. Thus when dwelling on this subject he would not mince words but call a misguided community a mere cabbage-head, on whose account many a Kozak needlessly lost his head. Likewise he saw all the weaknesses and failings among the Kozaks themselves. Still all this did not change his fundamental views of Kozakdom and its ideas, which Volodimir Doroshenko summarizes as follows:

"The Ukrainian nation, inherently peaceful, yet very freedom-loving, had as its ideal free enterprise in a free land. This ideal it translated into its Kozakdom, into the free and democratic Kozak order, headed by a freely elected Hetman."

Such, in essence, was Shevchenko's view of Ukraine of the past. He also, however, had definite ideas about the Ukraine of the future. He was firmly imbued with the conviction that Ukraine will yet have her own Washington, that Ukraine will be a free and independent republic, with an elected president as its head, and with the principles of the American Constitution as the foundation of its national life and order. And yet he realized that this could not come about without a revolution.

Naturally such views on Ukraine were as distasteful to Tsarist Russia as they are today to Soviet Russia. Communists are wont to look upon Shevchenko as a bourgeois, with the same disfavor as they look upon the American bourgeois. An expositor of this view was Andrew Richitsky. In his work on "Taras Shevchenko in the Light of the Epoch," Richitsky notes with regret that "Shevchenko never did drive God out of his world outlook," and then he continued:

"The peasant's outlook upon the family and wife are very strongly reflected in the works of Shevchenko. According to the peasant view, the family is the foundation and center of the economic and social order. My own home, my own farm, my own wife and children—constitute the circle of the peasant's ideals. Only by making them his own can he become a good husbandman, and to become one is the principal goal of his life. All peasant ideology centers around one's home and field and patriarchal family, and it is strongly individualistic and private property owning in nature. This ideology, sanctified by age-old tradition and religion, firmly holds the peasant within its narrow confines, making him a strong pillar of economic and social conservatism and a conservator of all sorts of superstitions. True to this peasant ideology to his very end was the poet-Kobzar."

This quotation throws some light on why and how the Ukrainian peasant has constantly waged such a valiant battle against totalitarianism, be it Soviet or Nazi. For totalitarianism is opposed to the inherent sentiments, traditions and culture of the Ukraine people.

Likewise it explains why the American form of government and social and economic order has been ideal to the Ukrainian people since its very inception, since the days of Washington, when the young American republic was struggling to establish itself upon this earth. The American republic of Washington's time, it is worth noting, has been characterized by Bolsheviks as a slave country. That is why they have found it difficult to explain why Shevchenko idealized a country in which slavery existed. Shevchenko, however, instinctively sensed that Negro slavery in America was a temporary accretion, to be sloughed off sooner or later, and that its evils did not undermine

the democratic foundations of the republic. At the same time, of course, his sympathies were always with the slaves. He personally knew one of them very well, Ira Frederick Aldrich, the famous American tragedian, whose portrait he painted on several occasions. Ofttimes Aldridge sang Negro spirituals for Shevchenko while the latter reciprocated by singing Ukrainian folks songs. Though they could not understand each other's language, there was between them a firm bond of mutual understanding sympathy, for both had a common background, that of a slave.

Naturally, Shevchenko deplored the fact that on account of local prejudices back home in America Aldridge could not get anywhere near the fame that he enjoyed throughout Europe. Still that fact did not obscure in the least for Shevchenko the fundamental freedom-loving and democratic order of America. America for him always remained the land of freedom and opportunity. Had he been able to live several more years—for he died in 1861—he would have been able to see upon the close of the Civil War the triumph of that order over the forces which hindered its full development.

Ardent Advocate of Liberal Progress

It is worth noting in conclusion that in envisioning the Ukraine of the future, as a republic patterned after the United States of America, Shevchenko realized that education and enlightenment among the masses would have to play a leading role in its progress. The Russian schools and system of education in Ukraine have done much harm to the Ukrainian cultural development, by robbing them of much which is native to them. The type of education Shevchenko desired to see in Ukraine would be one which would uplift the person morally, steel his will, and cultivate a strong character.

That is why he was so enthusiastic over the views on education of Joseph Lancaster (1778-1838), the famous English pedagogue and philanthropist of that time who had some followers among a group of Ukrainian progressives then. A school founded on this "Lancaster system" was established in Homel in 1819, about the time when that system was introduced in New York City and Philadelphia by Lancaster himself, who had settled in United States and lived there until his death.

Another pedagogue who excited Shevchenko's admiration then was the Pole Thadeus Czaki, who introduced certain school reforms in the Kievan and Podolian provinces. Although Czaki exploited the schools there for the benefit of Polish national interests, nevertheless that did not detract from the esteem in which Shevchenko held him on account of his services in the field of education. "You loved peace and enlightenment," Shevchenko eulogized him upon his death. "You loved people just as Christ had taught us." Such was the noble character of Shevchenko, able to give recognition for a good deed even to one who was an opponent of the national emancipation of his people.

Aside from his interest in the spread of education, Shevchenko also sought social improvements for his people. On that account he became a disciple of the democratic movement which was sweeping throughout Europe then as

a result of the progressive writings of the Hugues Lamennais (1782-1854), the famous Frenchman who placed above all else—truth and freedom.

Under the influence of this movement Shevchenko strongly criticized the official Orthodox Church of Russia for tolerating despotism and for allowing its clergy to be used as agents by the police. Such a church had no place in Ukraine, Shevchenko said. He was opposed to the idea of having the people pray for a despot-tsar. He was opposed to the churches and chapels built by funds received from ill-gotten gains or from the plunder of wars. Likewise he was opposed to a church which compelled Ukrainians to genuflect before ikons in thanks for a war which was predatory and fratricidal in character. He was against the church which emphasized only form, as how to cross oneself or swear, rather than its moral precepts. And when the church called upon the people to bow to the despot-tsar, Shevchenko urged them to pray only to God and to bow to no one else upon this earth.

In the field of art and as its devotee Shevchenko counseled that its great works, done by world masters, should be made known as widely as possible among the Ukrainian people, thereby awakening among them a love for the beautiful and the fine. This task, he said, would be a sort of a prayer to God, and a great service to humanity.

Such Was Shevchenko

Such a man then was Taras Shevchenko and such is the Ukraine he idealized and envisioned. That is why an understanding of Ukraine and of the Ukrainian national movement cannot be fully had without an understanding of Shevchenko, himself. By striving for the liberation of their native land the Ukrainians are honorably and faithfully fulfilling the commandments of their poet, prophet and genius. Always Shevchenko shall remain to the Ukrainians what Kulish characterized him to be in an eulogy of him:

"Thou art our poet and we are thy people: Thy spirit shall inspire us forever"

Today the spirit of Shevchenko remains more powerful and compelling than the brutal force of those who do or would enslave his people. Although because of this force the Ukrainian people lost their post-World War I Ukrainian National Republic, although they have suffered in this war unprecedented misery, want and damage, although a free Ukraine patterned after America, as Shevchenko longed to see it, is still not here, the Ukrainian people shall never despair but shall always take heart and inspiration from Shevchenko's burning words that truth and justice will in the end prevail, even for them.

As Walt Whitman wrote in one of his poems—

The battle rages with many a loud alarm, and frequent advance and retreat,
The infidel triumphs, or supposes he triumphs,
The prison, scaffold, garrote, handcuffs, iron necklace and lead-balls do their work,
The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,
The great speakers and writers are exiled, they lie sick in distant lands,
The cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with their own blood,
The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground when they meet;
But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place, nor the infidel enter'd into full possession.

(Translated by Stephen Shumeyko)



A Ukrainian Betrothal Ceremony. An etching by Taras Shevchenko

PRASED BE LIFE!

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

Translated by C. H. A.

MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY was born on September 5, 1864, in Vinnitsia, Ukraine. He was one of six children of a petty clerk who had much difficulty in steering his family through difficulty.

Kotsiubinsky belonged to what was known as the ethnographic-realistic school of literature. The writings of those who belonged to this school painted human misery in the midst of the exuberant nature which they idealized, and thus they rendered the contrast the more glaring. Though the manner of these writings were seemingly innocent, they had a tremendous effect upon the people, for they reflected their own life and indirectly paved the way to a future reaction. Kotsiubinsky, who made his debut in 1890, remained, in some measure, true to this school, though in later life he was influenced by the various literary trends of Western Europe to seek new artistic values.

His stories are enveloped in a psychological significance and couched in a sociological meaning, and each presents a new phase of its author's versatility.

His literary production may be divided into regional themes. His extensive travels brought him in contact with many peoples and climes about which he simply had to write, so great was the urge in him to use everything he saw as material for his stories, etudes, descriptions.

Not to be envied is his own life. Ill and often hounded by Russian political police, he lived a gloomy, painful and wearisome existence. And yet we must marvel at his work, for it is so full of the sun, so teeming with joy, vividness, sparkle, animation. He was really gathering smiles of Nature and showering them on others. He died in 1913.—C.H.A.

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It was a little more than a year ago that an earthquake transformed glorious Messina into a heap of stone. It was spring, the sea was calm and blue; the sky—the same; sunlight was flooding the orange orchards on the hills; and looking from the steamer at the gray corpse of the city, I was unable to imagine that terrible night when the earth, in her dreadful ire, shook off herself a splendid city as easily as a dog shakes off the water after coming out of the brook.

Setting my foot on dry land, I expected to meet the silence and coolness of a great cemetery, but was much surprised when I saw a donkey, laden with full baskets, stepping carefully over the stones of the pavement washed out by the water, and keeping to the shade of the ruined walls on the littoral.

A boy was running after it, crying out, with a Sicilian passion:

Cipolla! Cipolla! . . . (onions! onions!)

To whom was he clamoring? To whom did he think he would sell them? To those stones that were formerly united into a uniform wall, and now have resumed their separate lives?

I heard people approaching. Unexpectedly, from the streets and deserted piles of stone, black shapes emerged, treading noiselessly on the heated soil. In crowds and individually. There came ladies in long, black veils, with faces lifeless and congealed; and downcast laborers whose sternness appeared to be enclosed in their black costumes even up to their crepe neckties. A thin iron lamp-post was bending over them unnaturally, as if observing them from above with its glassy eye. On one side, the sea was splashing softly, and the cracked walls of palaces without windows and roofs and with doors half sunk in the dirt, were hanging on the other. And those silent women and dark men moved like nuns, like funeral guests on their

way to pay their last respects to somebody. The farther I moved the more frequently I met these people in mourning, the more keenly I felt myself crushed. I had to sidestep numberless mud holes and hollows, mountains of hod and stone piled up in the middle of the streets, leap over the crevices in the ground which appeared like greedily gaping mouths, step over the marble columns, and look through the windows whence voidness stared at me. And again and again a black figure would emerge noiselessly from behind a corner and meet me with its silent eyes. Then, at last, I understood what was crushing me. Eyes! Those frightful, dark, terrible eyes which retained within them the entire hell of that Christmas night, and could no longer see anything else. The sun might shine, the sea and sky might revel in blue, joy might rollick in laughter, yet those eyes, wide and lifelessly bright in their large orbits, seemed to look deeply into themselves, and stare insanely at the shaken walls, at the fire, at the bodies of their closest ones. It seemed to me that, if they were photographed, what one would see on the film would be not human eyes but a picture of ruin.

The side streets were somewhat cleared by this time. But the crumbled walls of the facades still formed a thick row in which mattresses, books, hod, iron beds and human bodies were pressed together. Where walls yet remained they were hardly firm, and through their wide chinks peered the blue sky. At times one might have detected through some forced door a solitary staircase which led God-knows-where—a staircase which would never again be trod upon. Somewhere above, just below the sky, in a five story building, only the front wall had crumbled down, and the inside of the room stood uncovered as on a stage: a vivid wallpaper, an iron bed, a towel hanging from it, a photograph on the wall, a picture of the Madonna at the head of the bed. And this intimacy of a strange room, where yet lurked the warmth, so to say, of a human hand, impressed me more greatly than the stark dead, grey ruins.

I knew that this city was a cemetery from under whose debris were yet to be uncovered some forty thousand corpses, and that, within this cumbrous mass surrounding me, stifled children, men and women were lying in various postures.

Excavations were being effected. A group of laborers was bending and rising over a pile of bricks and stones; crowbars and pickaxes rose and fell regularly. A caped policeman sat bent high on the wall, and his kepi shone in the sun. Suddenly he rose, raised his hand to the kepi, and stood at attention. I came nearer. The laborers were drawing from under a heap a woman's shirt, then her legs which they placed in a brass receptacle; the legs were followed by the abdomen and breast—and again this was placed in the container. I moved away. It occurred to me to glimpse at the sky. But everywhere, high and low, I saw similar groups of laborers bending over the ruins. And time and again a policeman would rise and raise his hand to the kepi.

The square in front of the cathedral was so crowded that no breathing space could be found. It was all obstructed with the old marble of the church, the fragments of the pilasters, and the ornaments of the embrasures. The mosaic gods, headless or with only parts of their heads, were scattered and lying in the dust at one's feet. The ancient fountain suffered little, but dried up that very night, as if it had shed all its tears over the sorrow of others.

The parched mouths of the tritons were exhausted with thirst.

"Signor examines our ruins?"

I looked around. Near me stood a pale-faced gentleman dressed in black, who, to all appearances, had been quite plump but recently. Yellow sacks under his eyes and on his cheeks were hanging as freely and needlessly as were his clothes, large and threadbare, as if they were not his own. In his left hand he was pressing an onion. I met his eyes. Ah, those eyes again!

"Yes, yes, signor, that is what has remained of our wonderful city. He, who has not heard it, cannot imagine that infernal night. There was such a fusillade, such a cannonade, as if all the powers of the sky, earth, and sea had thundered out from their guns. To this very moment my ears are filled with that noise. . . I was rich and happy, signor, I had a wife, four children, and a financial bureau. Now my family and all my riches lie under the bricks, and this is what I must feed myself on! . . ."

And with the affected gesture of a sincere Sicilian he raised his hand and shook the onion so that its leaves cut across the grey ruins and outlined their greenness on the blue sky.

"My buildings stood near by. Does signor wish to examine them?"

A bitter fold formed around his lips.

I thanked him and moved on.

The narrow, corridor-like alleys were deserted and mournful. To the right and to the left, extended endlessly masses of wood, bricks, paper, clothes, lamps, furniture and human bodies, all pressed together. It seemed as if all the misfortunes that lived in human nooks had piled up their barricades in order to prevent help from coming in. Above bristled the shaken walls that were ready to fall any moment. Below, in the shadow of the ruin, sat a woman in mourning whose hair was dark and uncovered, and on her lap played a child. Her sad face and lack-lustre eyes forced my hand to reach for my pocketbook, but the woman did not reply with a responsive gesture. She only shook her head in refusal. Then I understood that she was one of those who was accustomed to give and has not yet learned to take.

Once in a while a laborer would pass, his hands in his pockets, and his thin-lipped face pursing contempt for the earth which would not respect human toil. . . Voidness, neglected curtains covered with cobwebs, lamps hanging from cracked ceilings stared at me throughout the broken windows. I moved on.

My attention was now drawn to the seemingly congealed shape of an old man that blackened solitarily high above the dilapidated houses. I saw a curved back, an old, crushed bowl hat, and hands resting on the knees. Only the tip of his white beard was seen from under the bowler to shine on a black, tightly-buttoned breast-piece. And, as I was thus looking closely at that motionless blot of sorrow and wan hope, the earth under my feet suddenly growled low and swayed like the back of a cow which is about to rise. An earthquake! I knew it at once. All benumbed, I stood and watched the walls move as though they were alive; I saw them totter above my head; and, as I expected them to fall on me any moment, my whole life passed before my eyes in a trice; and strange! I did not remove my gaze from the sorry shape of the old man. After a while, the earth calmed, the walls hardener again, having shed only a few pebbles, but the bent old man had not even raised his head: the bowler was still inclining and hiding half his beard, his back was curved and his hands lay still on his black knees, all as before.

I do not remember how I found myself on S. Martino Street. Here, there were people and a life of some kind. They had already succeeded in erecting close, wooden shops that looked like macaroni boxes, and were

selling bread and fruit, and cards to the forestieri. At times, one was impressed unpleasantly by a window display where a new, black velvet was covered with watches, broaches, pins and rings. All that was worn out and old, and bore the marks of their owners' hands, now dead; and this lustreless metal concealed many a tale within itself.

In one place a crowd was assembled, mostly women. They were pressing around a cart, like a black swarm of bees. A presentable gentleman had raised himself above them, and was standing on the cart. From a distance I saw his white shirt, tail-coat, and ruddy side-locks on his clerical face. He was raising his arms to the sky, stretching them out to the people, and his voice hummed with conviction and inspiration. I gathered he was a preacher speaking on vanity of all that breathes in the face of the dreadful aspect of Nature, in the presence of the implacable death. And I drew nearer to the crowd.

But how surprised I was when I saw that the entire front of the cart was covered with beautiful, golden-labeled jars, and that the splendid gentleman was raising these same bright jars to the sky and above the crowd!

"Signore, Signorine!" he emitted from the depths of his chest, out of his very heart.—"Signore, Signorine! Here you behold one of the veritable miracles of modern cosmetics. This pomade is the most certain means of preserving youth and beauty. Every night you rub your face with it, and in the morning you awake as fresh as a dewy flower. . . Four soldos a jar."

He would slip them into women's hands, take new jars and raise them above the heads of the crowd, into the brightness of the southern sun.

"Signore, Signorine! Youth and beauty—only four soldos!"

While the dark women, covered with the crepe of mourning, pressed round the cart; and those frightful, lifeless bright eyes, which the orbits were too small to contain, and which still retained within themselves the shaken walls, the fire, the corpses of their closest ones, and would have been able to reproduce the scene of the catastrophe, were now following carefully every gesture of the red-haired charlatan; and their ears, still filled with the thunder of that hellish night, and with the cry of death, were now eagerly attentive to his inspired speech:

"Signore, Signorine! . . . You behold one of the real miracles. . . Only four soldos for youth and beauty. . ."

I lowered my look. Somewhere in the distance the more dangerous walls of the houses were being torn down amid noise and clouds of dust; here and there, surrounded by the grey debris and ruin, a policeman would rise and raise his hand to the kepi, thus honoring the dead. But this did not annoy me any longer. I suddenly saw the distant green mountains flooded with the joyful sun, the orange orchards, the endless expanse of the blue sea, and above this cemetery my soul sang praises to life. . .

CHOSEN MODEL

Miss Vera Podorozny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Podorozny, 253 Union street, Hudson, N. Y., was again selected to model for the annual spring fashion show sponsored by Shanon's, one of Plattsburgh's leading stores, reports I. Lysohir, secretary of U. N. A. Branch 477 to which her father belongs. The Easter fashion parade was held for the Mother's Club and guests and took place at Holiday Inn just outside of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Miss Podorozny, who has modeled for several fashion shows, is a senior at the Plattsburgh State Teachers' College.

★ BUY WAR BONDS ★

SOME PROBLEMS OF CANADIAN NATIONHOOD

By J. B. SOLOMON

(Talk delivered at last Ukrainian Canadian Congress)

MY co-speaker has already outlined to you the problems that are confronting us as Canadian citizens at the present time. In the short time that I have at my disposal, I shall attempt, by analyzing the present situation, to throw some light on the reasons for our shortcomings and to indicate how we are to face these problems in the future.

The Canadian nation is composed of various ethnical groups, whose members or whose forefathers came to this country from the four corners of the earth. In Canada, we have, living side by side, people who trace their origins back to England, France, Iceland, Poland, Russia, Ukraine, etc. All these groups brought with them to Canada their languages and their traditions. They came to Canada from countries that had different systems of government; consequently, they were accustomed to their own differing standards of living. In one word, these groups brought with them their own cultural backgrounds and their own modes of life.

A Common Denominator Needed

I believe that all of these groups would like to see a strong and united Canadian nation, capable of discharging all its duties within the political entity known as the British Commonwealth of Nations. In building such a nation, it should be our duty and indeed our responsibility to incorporate into our nation the best characteristics of all these various groups. We should have in mind that, when we are building a Canadian culture, we should not lose the finer qualities of each ethnical group. We have to find a common denominator, into which we shall incorporate the cultural qualities of each one of these groups without losing the Canadian way of life.

I believe that intelligent Canadian opinion is unanimous on the question that Canada should be united and strong. There are at least two schools of thought concerning the means to be taken to build a strong and united nation. The first school of thought believes that in order to build a strong Canadian nation we must base our cultural development on that patterned by British history and tradition. It believes that to do otherwise would result in the development of a nation that would gradually drift away from the British Empire, and would eventually break away from the British Commonwealth of Nations. The other school of thought believes that we should build our Canadian nation through the incorporation into its culture of the finest qualities of each of these groups that are to form the component parts of this fair nation of ours. The latter school of thought bases its belief on the historical experience of United States, as well as on the psychology of human beings.

Ukrainians Canadians

I believe that the Ukrainian people belong to the second school of thought. I also believe that if we want to build a united Canadian nation, we must not only incorporate into Canadian culture the traditions and the cultural backgrounds of these various ethnical groups, but we must see that these ethnical groups are given an opportunity to retain some of their qualities and modes of life. It is only by developing these qualities and by blending them together that we will eventually emerge as a strong united nation. By following the psychology of the second school of thought, we will incorporate into our Canadian culture a cross-section of all these groups; and Canadian culture, as such, will be a composite cul-

ture in which each of these groups will see some part of its own background, its traditions, and its past. Each group, furthermore, will be able to see its contributions and its ethnical stripe woven into the pattern of Canadian life. Such a culture, evolved in the above-mentioned manner, will be dear not only to an Anglo-Saxon or to a Frenchman, but to every intelligent member of our Canadian nation.

Members of the school of thought that believes in the building of the Canadian nation on the pattern of British culture only—fearing that to do otherwise would sever our connection with the British Empire—should visit any one of the country schools situated in a non Anglo-Saxon community. If they heard the spirit with which those children sing "God Save The King," if they saw the enthusiasm with which these students wave the Union Jack, they would realize how misconceived their analysis of Canadian nationhood is. When these children sing "God Save The King" with such fervor or wave the Union Jack with such enthusiasm they do so not because they have been brought up in the British cultural background; they do so because they believe in the principles for which the Union Jack stands. They believe that the Union Jack stands on guard for freedom of individualism, freedom of the press and tolerance of religion; and as long as the Union Jack stands for those fundamental principles of democracy that are so dear to each and every individual, the ties between the British Empire and Canada will continue unchallenged.

Need of Unity

Both prior to the outbreak of the Second World Conflict and since then, we have read extensively about the necessity of Canadian unity. For a while, it appeared as if the bottom of Canadian unity was beginning to fall out. The French in Quebec were beginning to form a problem that was both ticklish and difficult to handle. This problem existed long before the war broke out, but it was aggravated by the tensions of war and by the necessity for greater sacrifice. In my humble estimation, the root of this problem lies in the fact that we still have in our midst that first school of thought, which believes in building the Canadian nation on the pattern of British traditions only. If the French would have seen their cultural stripe woven into the Canadian way of life, if all other ethnical groups would have seen their finer qualities forming part of the Canadian Culture, they would have felt that this culture to which they have contributed and which is now their own is being challenged and they would have raised their voices in a unanimity that would have been commendable to our great nation. My contention is further strengthened by the developments that have taken place since the commencement of hostilities. As war progresses and as the principles for which we fight are beginning to be more clearly crystalized, the bonds of unity are drawing us ever more closely together.

The proponents of the first school of thought unquestionably constitute a minority, but they have made their ideas felt from coast to coast. It is the first school of thought that prevailed when the Canadians from central European countries were branded with secondary citizenship as New Canadians. It was this school of thought that prevailed when these same groups were accorded the privileges usually extended only to second rate citizens. True enough, according to the laws of this country,

WAC Lieutenant Relates Experiences Under Fire

In the office of the Chief of the Quartermaster Corps in the European Theater of Operations a member of the Women's Army Corps—First Lieutenant Elaine R. Dickson, of Kewanee, Illinois—recently related a stirring story of a trip along the Western Front in France when that front was still active.

Lieutenant Dickson headed a group of Wacs who went to a field hospital near the front. The group's mission was to check the fit of the clothing of Army nurses, and to make any necessary repairs to the old uniforms worn by the nurses. Lieutenant Dick-

son, who enlisted in the WAC as a private and won her commission from the ranks, is assigned to the Plans and Training Division in the office of the Chief of the Quartermaster Corps, ETO, and was a dress designer in New York in civilian life. The group of twelve Wacs which she headed in the trip to the front included fitters, seamstresses, and ironers. A WAC noncommissioned officer doubled as fitter and stock clerk. A shop was set up right in the field hospital areas. The first stop was made at Nancy.

"We pulled into Nancy before General Patton's Third Army had reached there," Lieutenant Dickson stated. "The city was still being fired on by the enemy when we arrived."

Nevertheless, the WAC group remained in the city, setting up shop in one of the tents of the field hospital which was there.

"We stayed there for a day and a night fitting up the nurses," said the lieutenant. "We were shelled continuously, the entire time. But we figured that if the girls in the field hospital didn't mind, we didn't either."

From Nancy, the Wacs went to Metz—to fit more Army nurses for needed winter clothing—and after a few hours discovered that part of that city was still in enemy hands. Leaving Metz under cover of darkness, with their vehicles completely blacked out, the WAC group drove on down to Toul.

"There was another field hospital there," Lieutenant Dickson said, "and they put us up for the night. Only, we didn't sleep, because the Jerries came over and began strafing a strip just across the road from us. We got up and watched the show, but we all had one foot in our slit trenches, ready to dive in case they came our way. They didn't, though, and in about thirty minutes they went away. Then we slept—or at least went through the motions."

One time the WAC caravan got stuck in what the lieutenant declares was "the muddiest field you ever saw." The vehicle had to be pulled out by a tank.

"Nothing else had power enough to do it," said Lieutenant Dickson. "We had all our equipment in a tent out in the field and we had to slob back through the mud and get it when our vehicle was hauled out on the road again."

"We had manually operated sewing machines and we just put them down and started pumping," related the lieutenant in describing how sewing and pressing was accomplished for the nurses in the field. Most of the time we made the necessary alterations and did the pressing with irons heated over a fire. We didn't have much time, and neither did the nurses."

Lieutenant Dickson was asked her opinion as to what she would say was the biggest difference between women in the military service and women in civilian life.

"You'd be surprised about that, because so far as I can see there isn't any difference," the lieutenant answered. "It doesn't seem to matter who women are where they are or what they are doing; they never seem to change. Every one of those nurses out in the mud and cold and wet was just as particular and just as anxious to have the right fit as she would have been if she were getting a new spring suit or an evening gown. I guess women will always be women, no matter what."

every citizen has the same rights and privileges, but de facto that is not the case. One can hardly say that equal privileges are extended to all groups when a person with a name ending in "enko" is deprived of the opportunity to compete fairly and evenly with a person whose name ends with "son." If we want, and we all do, to build a Canadian nation, united in effort and purpose, we have to extend the same privileges to all members of our ethnical groups. We should, to show our good faith, erase the brand "New Canadians" and substitute therefor "Canadians"; we must eliminate the brand of "foreign parentage," and substitute therefor "Canadian citizenship," with its full rights and privileges. Then each Canadian citizen would feel that since all the privileges of the Canadian nationhood had been granted to him, he should assume the responsibilities and the obligations that are correlated with the privileges in all democratic countries.

Attainable Only By Cultural Integration

The Ukrainians, perhaps more than any other ethnical group, have been in the past deprived of the privileges of full participation. This, of necessity, created a reaction of suspicion among some extreme elements of this group. It was felt that if a Ukrainian Canadian wanted to be a loyal citizen, he would have to suffer all the abuses rallied against him without raising his voice in self-defence. Among other Ukrainian Canadians this created a sense of depression, as they felt that according to the ostensibly popular opinion, unity can only be achieved through the unresentful acceptance of "secondary" citizenship. In my humble opinion, unity cannot be achieved on such premises of reasoning. We can achieve unity only by a part-and-parcel integration of each and every group into the Canadian mode of life. How to integrate the characteristics of each group into the Canadian way of life is a problem for our education. But I believe that we can do so, if we keep before us the broad principles that I have outlined above.

In building a strong, united nation, we should place on the shoulders of each and every individual the responsibilities and the obligations of a citizen of a democratic country. To do that, we have to inculcate in the minds of the coming generations an ideology that they are an integral part of our Canadian nation. They should feel that they are willing to fight and die, not only for the territory that is called Canada (as advocated by the Communist groups), but that they are willing to fight and die for our democratic institutions and for our mode of life. We can achieve that by weaving into the Canadian way of life the cultural backgrounds of these groups, and by a "de facto" granting to all our citizens of the privileges inherent in a democratic state—privileges which are now accorded to them only theoretically by the constitution of our fair Dominion.

Made with tolerances as minute as two-ten-millionths of an inch, which roughly speaking is about one-eightieth of a human hair, ball and roller bearings are American's most light precision mechanical devices.

AT THE GRAVE OF THE GREATEST CANADIAN POETESS

By HONORE EWACH

FOR a long time it was almost an obsession with me—to see Vancouver, Vancouver the Beautiful, the Pacific pride of Canada. At last, when I started on my lecturing trip on March 15th in Western Canada, I was on my way, via Saskatoon and Edmonton, to Vancouver. I could almost hear my heart pounding hard and fast at the very thought that at last I was going to see Vancouver—the beautiful Canadian port on the other side of the Rockies.

On March 18th I delivered my speech, "The Treasures of the Ukrainian People," at Saskatoon. The sympathetic audience gave me a very hearty applause—and over six hundred dollars for the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre in Winnipeg. So I was satisfied. I delivered my second speech at Edmonton on March 25th. There I found the audience no less enthusiastic than in Saskatoon, though somewhat "tight" in regard of the purse-string. But even from there I acquired over two hundred and fifty dollars for the same purpose. Then I gave I sigh of relief, as my trip to Vancouver was a little less concerned with money matters. In Vancouver I was to deliver a speech on Shevchenko at a concert given in his honor by the combined forces of the local Ukrainian Canadians. I was asked by the Canadian Ukrainian Committee to speak there as its representative. Naturally, I was glad to speak on the greatest Ukrainian poet to the Vancouver audience.

Jasper—Jewel of the Rockies

When I reminded myself that I was finally on my way to Vancouver I cut down my stay at Edmonton by two days (Who wouldn't?). During the morning hours I kept on typing on the train. Then, at about noon, we saw the first vanguard of the Rocky Mountains. Soon I got used to seeing the Rockies. It was at about half past one when I saw for the first time the glory of the C. N. Railway line between Edmonton and Vancouver. It was Jasper—one of the jewels of the Canadian Rockies. It is like a beautiful valley scooped out in the solid rock by some Titan of the hoary past. Out in the valley there is a little town, of the same name. And all around it there are high mountains, capped with snow, and with hardly any vegetation.

After admiring Jasper I looked with condescension on the other mountains. That night I went to bed in my sleeping berth with a sigh of relief. I wanted to fall asleep as fast as possible and not awaken until we reached Vancouver. To my chagrin I woke up at about three A. M. Ah,—I was glad. Already I was breathing in the moist air of the Pacific. There was even a tinge of the smell of cedar woods.

After another long sleep I got up, shaved and washed myself, and ate a hearty breakfast, chatting with an Air Force man from Winnipeg.

I was glad to discover that Mr. D. was waiting for me at the station. He tapped me on the shoulder, as I was giving instructions about my baggage to the station porter, saying, "Are you Mr. Ewach?" I answered gladly, "I certainly am. You are Mr. D.?" Thus I acquired a new friend. A taxi took us to Hotel Vancouver where I was given a lovely room with a view towards the Stanley Park with the silvery arms of the Burrard Inlet. The man who gave me that room certainly must have guessed that there was a poet deep down in my heart.

Stanley Park

I was glad when I found out that Mr. D. had given up his regular work for the day in order to be my guide in Vancouver. It is a real pleasure

when you meet an all-knowing guide who is also your friend. Mr. D. took me first of all to the Art Gallery. There we spent about two hours looking at the pictures and other objects of art done by the local talent. From there we went to Stanley Park—the pride of Vancouver. Stanley Park is a peninsula, covered with stately cedars, flowers, and many objects of art. We went through the queer carvings of the totem poles. On the other side. I tried to read the legends of the local Indians in the queer carvings of the totem poles. By and by we went back, admiring the tiny flowers that were just peeping out from among the grass. I found out to my chagrin that the spring was about three weeks late this year at Vancouver. Only here and there could we see the shrub cherry-trees in bloom.

On Sunday I delivered my speech on Shevchenko at the York Theatre, packed to its capacity with eager people. My speech was delivered in the middle of the concert. I was glad to meet so many people who knew me personally. I was also glad that the audience donated almost two hundred dollars for overseas parcels.

Next day Mr. Ivan M., a well-known traveller, put himself and his car at my disposal. It was then that I saw all the beauty spots in West Vancouver, including the Horseshoe Bay. On our way back we passed again through Stanley Park. At the western extremity of the park we stepped off the car in order to see the grave of Pauline Johnson—the Greatest Canadian poetess, who had some Indian blood in her veins and who proudly wrote many of her poems on Indians. Within a little stone monument is the urn with her mortal remains. There is a tinge of natural wildness about the grave. It is so appropriate for Pauline Johnson to rest now there, where Indians for ages had their villages and held their pow-wows. I bowed my head for a minute in silence, thus giving my tribute to spirit of the greatest Canadian poetess.

I bade good-bye to Vancouver next day, with almost a sob.

Dinner for Returned Soldier

At recent meeting the U. Y. Club of Great Meadows, New Jersey decided to give a dinner in honor of every one of the local parish members now in service upon his return from overseas duty. Sunday, March 25, one such dinner was given, in honor of Nicholas Relo, who had been overseas for the past four years.

After attending mass, eight members of the club, which is composed of girls, took the guest of honor to dinner. In the course of it we discussed various subjects of mutual interest of both the past and present. One subject, however, which we did talk about did not, I'm sure, interest Nick very much. That was girls' dresses and styles. But all in all, everyone had a nice time and we later heard that Nick said his homecoming was a pleasurable one. We are now looking forward to the day when another one of our servicemen will come home and give us an opportunity to entertain him.

Zenovia Dudlak

In the early days of the bearing industry, 100 bearings a day was considered top production. Today, production of ball and roller bearings runs as high as thirty million a month. Included in this vast total are twelve from which more than 18,000 different types are produced.

Connecticut Youth Organization Resumes Activities

After a span of about two years of inactivity the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut resumed limited activities by holding a state limiting and bowling jamboree. Since the time when former president Michael Gurbel handed the direction of the organization to the Special Board of Directors the war has made great inroads into youth activities throughout the state. Large gatherings were impossible as over a thousand young Ukrainian Americans from the state entered the services of their country, leaving only skeleton crews to carry on. Nevertheless through occasional board meeting and the publishing of the "Bulletin" the organizational life spark of the U.Y.O.C. was kept glowing.

On February 11th some 45 delegates and individual members attended a revival meeting at the Hotel Garde in New Haven. Ways and means of how best to get the organization moving again were discussed. After a lively discussion it was proposed to follow a limited social line until the organization was in full swing. Numerous suggestions were given and a bowling jamboree with dinner afterwards was arranged for March 11th, and a possible outdoor affair in the early summer if the conditions of war permit. Miss Helen Brezicki, secretary of the New Haven U.N.A. youth branch, stated that her club would be glad to be host for the jamboree. Misses Helen Brezicki and Eileen Gwotz agreed to make arrangements as to the bowling, and Mary Kravit as to the dinner and music.

Following the business meeting a dinner was served and many had an opportunity to talk about old times, to ask about their friends in the service scattered all over the world, and thus came to an end an event-

ful and pleasant Sunday noon and evening.

From all points of the state some 150 people trickled into the New Haven Whitney-Grove Alleys on March 11th. The various groups were met by Misses Helen Brezicki and Eileen Gwotz, hostesses, and each bowler was assigned to his respective alley by a drawing. For three hours on 18 alleys one could witness smiles as each one proceeded to get acquainted with their partners as well as other people.

In the evening the entire group gathered at the Hotel Duncan for a dinner. A prayer was said before the dinner for a speedy victory, for the boys fighting all over the world; and for those who have made the supreme sacrifice. During the dinner, U.Y.O.C. chairman, Andrew Melnyk, called on various past and present officers to say a few words. Those heard from included Mr. and Mrs. Michael Vennett, Miss Amelia Holubovich, Misses Julia Dudik, Anastasia Kurdyna, Katherine Sagan, Anne Hamulak, Anne Herchkowski, Mr. Russell Huk and John Seleman. Acknowledged were Michael Gurbel, Russel Korolyshyn, Walter Damento, J. Melnyk, Myron Timchiszin, Vera and Myron Malanchuk, Taras Cymbalysty, John Halun, and John Paulishen who are in the armed forces.

Bowling prizes were then awarded, and after the dinner games were played under the direction of Mr. John Seleman. Dancing followed to the music of a juke box. Everyone left with a satisfied expression and wondering when the next affair will be held. Many new friends were made, and it is the desire of many of these people to build up the organization so that those in the forces will be able to come back to the atmosphere of old times and old friendships and easier readjustment.

What They Say

Under-Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson:

"The possibility of early victory in Europe holds little hope for reduction of Army food requirements during 1945. Computations based on various assumed dates for V-E day indicate no substantial reduction in net requirements, but many shifts among the various types of food required. The problem of feeding civilians in liberated occupied areas will increase tremendously..."

Assistant-Secretary of State Nelson A. Rockefeller, speaking over N.B.C.:

"The Monroe doctrine was originally a United States policy. For the last eight or ten years it has become more and more the doctrine of the Americas—it has been adopted by all the Americas. The Act of Chapultepec has completed that trend, now that Argentina has decided to go along. The other nations have invited us to come in with them on the use of force to stop aggression—a great change from their past position."

Lieut. Gen. Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Commanding General, Pacific Ocean areas, in a message to the Jewish Welfare Board, New York:

"...In the Army men are judged and valued not by their religious or racial antecedents, but by their character and performance. On the basis of the character and performances of the Jewish men and officers, I am able to pay this well merited tribute to them. They have done splendid work in the armed services, particularly in the combat zones. When the definitive history of this war comes

to be written, it will be seen that men and women of all races and religions have contributed in significant measure to the final triumph over the monster Fascism. We have all earned the right to peace, serenity and freedom from molestation."

Wendell Berge, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, speaking in Detroit:

"Having won the long struggle for general recognition of collective bargaining rights, organized labor takes its place along with other important groups in sharing responsibility for the major economic and political decisions on important public policies. Obviously the interest and responsibility of organized labor is no longer limited to the struggle for better wages, hours and working conditions in particular shops and industries. Interest and responsibility now extend to the welfare of the total economy with which labor's well-being is so inextricably tied. The overall problems of the maintenance of free enterprise, protection of consumers' buying power, extending farmers' markets, promoting a free and healthy foreign trade, avoiding the perils of inflation and other similar problems are labor's interest and responsibility. They are indeed labor problems quite as much as wages and hours."

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War Manpower Commission Employment Regulations

Essential Workers need Statement of Availability. If transferring to less essential need U. S. Employment Service consent is addition. Critical workers also need both.

Суваль робітникам обов'язки мати посвідку, що вони є до розпорядженості. При переїзді до менш суцільних робіт мусять мати крім цього згоду „Юнаїта Суваль Емплоїмент Сервіс“. Критичні робітники потребуватимуть також обох посвідок.

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Koshetz Concert Planned

Rochester Ukrainians are feeling quite proud these days about their accomplishments during the past year in the face of wartime obstacles. At present, in preparing a concert for Sunday, April 22nd, in memory of Prof. Alexander Koshetz, our chorus looks back on a year filled with successful undertakings.

When a group of local young Ukrainian Americans were approached in regard to sponsoring a Ukrainian Program at the Y.W.C.A. last year, they went to work with a will. A committee composed of members from St. Joseph's Parish and the Ukrainian Civic Center took charge. Soon a mixed chorus recruited from both organizations was rehearsing under the able direction of Sophie Doroff, and in a few weeks time presented a successful program of folk songs and folk dances to a capacity audience. This was the beginning.

A short time later, the same group was approached by the Cosmopolitan Club of Rochester, and in May sponsored a Ukrainian dinner for members of the club, followed by a presentation of Ukrainian folk songs and folk dances.

In December, the committee and chorus again reorganized to put on a program at the Memorial Art Gallery, which was also enthusiastically received.

Despite lack of transportation, night shifts and overtime work, our chorus has continued to function. To keep our male section in balance, some of our older members were contacted and they were only too glad to help out. Then we heard from several singers who had travelled with Prof. Koshetz's chorus. When they learned that a concert was being planned in his memory, they expressed a desire to help. Not only will they contribute solos to the program, but they have also joined our chorus and are helping in the group singing. Added to all this, our group has been very fortunate in receiving helpful suggestions from Leo Sorochinsky of Olyphant, Pa., also a former member of Prof. Koshetz's chorus.

The committee in charge of the even is as follows: Sophie Doroff, Julia Stohinsky, John Klodznaki, Katherine Hnatkiw, Wasyl Ivanchiw, and Catherine Shonnessy.

C. S.

Off the Editor's Desk. To C. S. — Yes, indeed, we are glad to receive reports of local activities.

To Walter Ciopyk.—Thank you for the clippings. Shall make use of them if possible.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN EVERY PAYDAY WAR BONDS

WHITE LIGHTNING

One day while in France I had a pass so I stopped in at a bar, pub, tavern, inn, or you name it, because I was thirsty. I noticed a cute little French mademoiselle sitting at a table so, like a gentleman, I sat down beside her. After we exchanged glances and greetings I asked her what was good to drink. Casually she said, "Why, White Lightning, of course." Well, me being only 20 and young and innocent, I decided to try it. She flagged the waiter, who looked like he'd been eating too many sour pickles, and presently he brought me a bottle of White Lightning and only one large water glass. The girl noticed it and said, "Oh, that's all right... I never touch the stuff, anyway. I want to live to be at least 27." Afterwards I found out what she meant.

I took off the cork and poured my glass full. Finally I got up more nerve than I was born with and downed it. When I found my voice I told her it was very good. To prove it I raised the bottle to the glass and again poured it full and downed it. At once I began to wonder if I'd swallowed a bazooka shell or a bee hive. Now, I have a good bit of pride and I didn't want the French lady to see I was in trouble. When I got my arms to working I lifted the glass to the bottle and emptied it. Then I raised the table to my lips and drank the cork of the mademoiselle. She didn't like it so I toughed her cork back up and drank my bazooka shell.

By this time the sour pickles walked over with the waiter to see why the mademoiselle's cork came out. So, I drank all the bottle and got me another without bees in it. I then took the cork off the waiter and drank the sour pickles while putting the mademoiselle's stopper in the bottle's cork. In the meantime, the waiter had been downing a few Light Whitenings himself. I then steadied the joint while he put the table on his bottle to catch the sour pickles so they couldn't sting the mademoiselle. She got tired of us so she drank a few white pickled bees herself. She then had bees in her bonnet which she put on a chair that was walking around. The pickle-pussed waiter caught the chair and sat on the bees in her bonnet. He now had rings on his fingers and bees in his imagination. He must have let his imagination get the best of him because he jumped up through the mademoiselle, leaving the ceiling with me, which was unsteady.

Of course, I still had my imagination in her bonnet, but the bazooka pickles with the table were on my contents. Now some people like the contents of tables as long as there's a lady with an imagination where her bees ought to be. I noticed there was now ten dead soldiers lying on my imagination, which really belonged to the waiter's bee hive. Presently the owner of the whirling room came

PHILADELPHIA CHOR LAUDED FOR SERVICEMEN'S CONCERT

The Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Choir of Philadelphia, directed by Stephen Marusevich, recently gave a concert at the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia and at the local Stage Door Canteen, which won for it a write-up in the Evening Bulletin and a letter of appreciation and an invitation to present another such concert from Mrs. Benjamin V. Ogden, chairman of the entertainment board of the Camp and Hospital Committee.

Addressed to Mr. Dietric Slobogin, president of the choir, the letter read in part:

"I wish to thank you for the American Red Cross, and for the boys at the Naval Hospital, for the very fine entertainment you gave them last Thursday evening. It was a gay and heartwarming program which delighted the patients and I hope their enthusiastic reception of the program more than repaid you and your organization for the time and trouble you spent in putting it on. I wish you would thank Mr. Stephen Marusevich, the director, for his work in producing such a splendid choir. The entertainment itself was most unusual and the boys certainly did enjoy it.

"Would it be possible for you to take your group out to Valley Forge and give them a similar entertainment? If so, we would be very glad to arrange a date because I am sure those fellows would enjoy it equally as well as the Naval Hospital patients."

out and said, "You owe me for ten mademoiselles, one pickled waiter, a hive of bazooka shells and two hard boiled eggs, or would you rather be a fish?" I put my pocket in my hand and out came a check for a short beer and a billfold full of honey. After paying for the two hard boiled waiters, ten dead mademoiselles, and the pickled bazooka shells, I put my floor on the feet. When I had bidden the table full of the French ladie's contents farewell, I very steadily staggered out the door, which kept revolving.

As soon as I was out the very troubling doors, two guys with MP written on their charm snabbed me. I don't know what MP stands for, but it must mean Maw Perkins. Anyway they said, quote, "You're in the infantry, Bub, remember?" unquote. When I heard that I felt so bad I went back into the whirling dervish and sat down on my mademoiselle's table of contents and cried over spilled bazooka milk.

I'm telling you, that's the last time I'll ever sit down with a table at a mademoiselle when her bonnet is full of pickled bee hives.

A lot of folks may think I am crazy.

Well, maybe they're right. But I'm stepping out with a hard boiled egg tonight. Is it all in my head?

JACK L. CLOVER.

Funny Side Up

"ORDER IN THE COURT"

The judge seemed bored. He kept tapping his fingers on the desk and staring at the ceiling. The prosecuting attorney called a beautiful blonde to the witness stand. The blonde to the witness stand.

The prosecuting attorney pointed a finger at her, which is bad etiquette but good prosecuting. "Now, Miss Miss Dreamgirl," he murmured, "I want you to tell the court where you were on the night of January 9th."

The blonde hesitated. Then she pointed to the judge. "I'll agree," she parried. "But only on the condition that the judge will tell where he was on the same night."

The prosecuting attorney verged on apoplexy. "I asked you what you were doing on the night on January 9th," he shouted. "What have the actions of the judge on that particular night to do with the case?"

The blonde seemed a bit injured. "Nothing," she admitted. "But I like a little gossip just as well as you do!"

The attorney counted to ten slowly and then repeated. "Just exactly where were you on the night of January 9th?"

"I was to a party," returned the blonde happily. "Oh, boy, that was some party!"

"And where were you," the attorney went on, "on the night of January 10th?"

"I was enjoying myself at a swell party," replied the blonde. "And boy, did I have fun?"

"And where were you," persisted the attorney, "on the night of January 11th?"

"To a party," enthused the blonde. "And, boy, what a party that was!"

The attorney lost his patience. "See here," he growled. "Do you mean to tell this court that all you do is go to a different party every night?"

The blonde looked up innocently. "I never said any such thing," she cried modestly. "This was all the same party!"

The lawyer leaned forward. "Now Miss Dreamgirl," he went on. "Where were you on Monday night?"

The blonde smiled sweetly. "Dining and dancing," she replied.

"And where were you," bellowed the lawyer, "on Tuesday night?"

"Dining and dancing," repeated the beautiful blonde.

The lawyer leaned still closer. "And what," he murmured; "are you doing tomorrow night?"

The defense attorney leaped from his chair.

"Your honor," he protested. "I object to that question!"

The judge, a tolerant gentleman, shrugged his shoulders. "And why do you object?" he inquired mildly.

The defense attorney drew himself up in righteous indignation. "Because," he snapped, "I asked her first!"

The judge rapped his gavel. "Order in the court," he ordered the laughing spectators.

"I will ask you just one more question, Miss Dreamgirl," muttered the prosecuting attorney. "Where were you on the night of February 9th?"

The blonde hung her head. "Please don't ask me that," she murmured. "Please don't. I can't tell you."

The prosecutor stiffened. "You must tell us," he roared. "Stop stalling. Where were you on the night of February 9th?"

The beautiful damsel blushed furiously. The court waited with bated breath. "All right," admitted the lady finally. "If you must know, I'll tell you. I was at home working out a simple cross-word puzzle."

"Is that anything to be ashamed of?" demanded the prosecutor.

The blonde hung her head still lower. "Certainly it is," she sobbed. "A beautiful dame like me wasting a night on a cross-word puzzle!"

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